PS
2609
.A1
1884

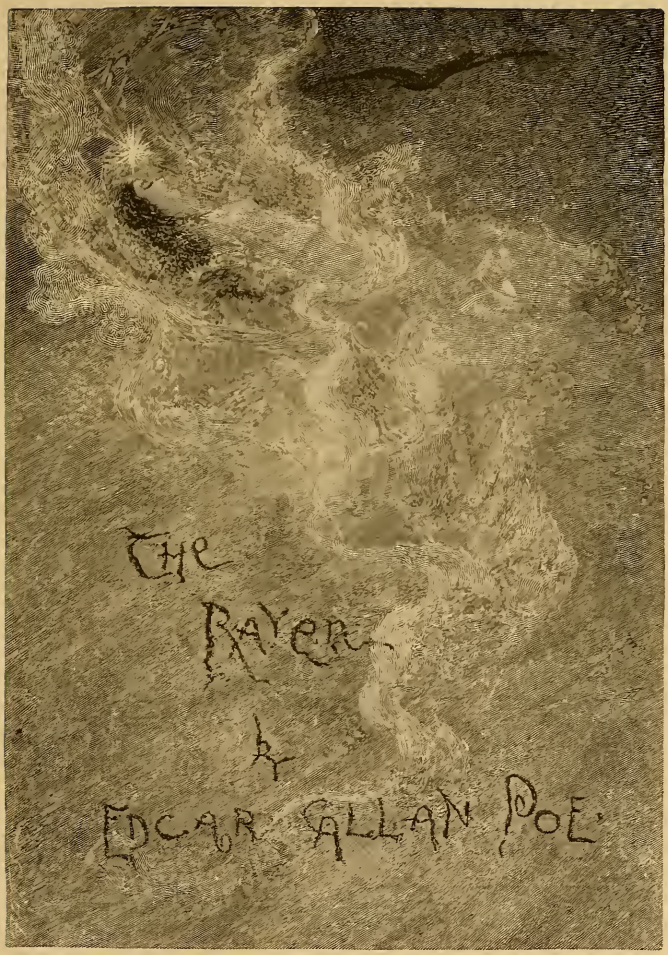
THE :RAVEN:

NE
NEVER
MORE

NE
NEVERM
ORE

NEVE
NEVER R
MORE:

EDGAR:ALLAN:POE

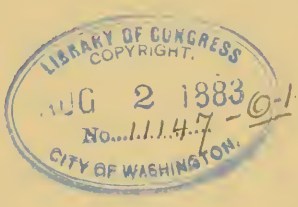

THE
RAVEN
BY
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE RAVEN

BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
39 West Twenty Third Street
1884

PS2607
.A1
1884

Copyright, 1883,
E. P. Dutton and Company.

12-27715

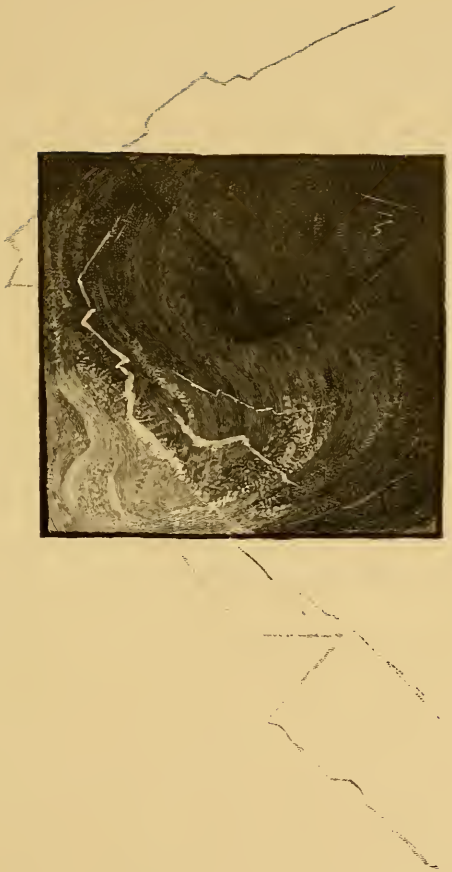
University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

ILLUSTRATIONS

By W. L. Taylor.

Drawn and engraved under the supervision of

George T. Andrew.



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; —
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow —
Sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul
grew stronger;
Hesitating then
no longer,
"Sir," said I,
"or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness
I implore;
But the fact is
I was napping,
And so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly
you came tapping,
Tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure
I heard you"—
Here I opened
wide the door:
Darkness there and
nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment
And this mystery explore; —
'T is the wind and nothing more."

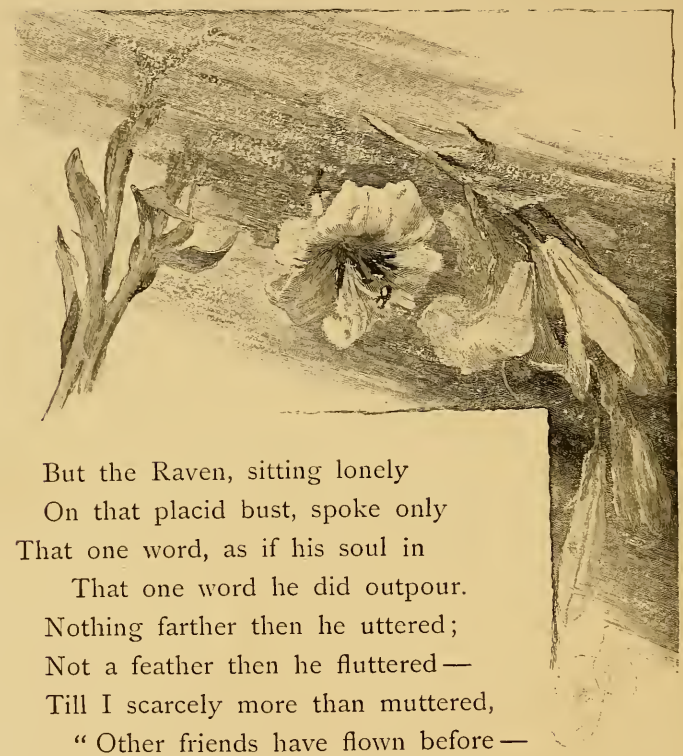
Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,

Perched above my
chamber door—
Perched upon a
bust of Pallas
Just above my
chamber door—
Perched, and sat,
and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

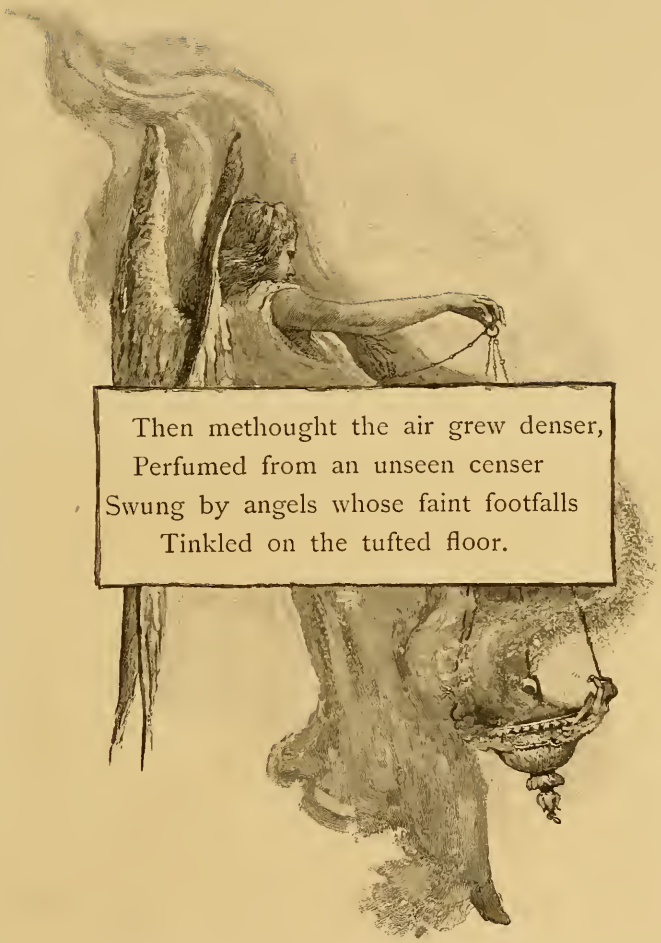


But the Raven, sitting lonely
On that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered;
Not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Wondering at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
So when hope he would adjure,
Stern despair returned,
Instead of the sweet hope he dared adjure,
That sad answer, "Nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

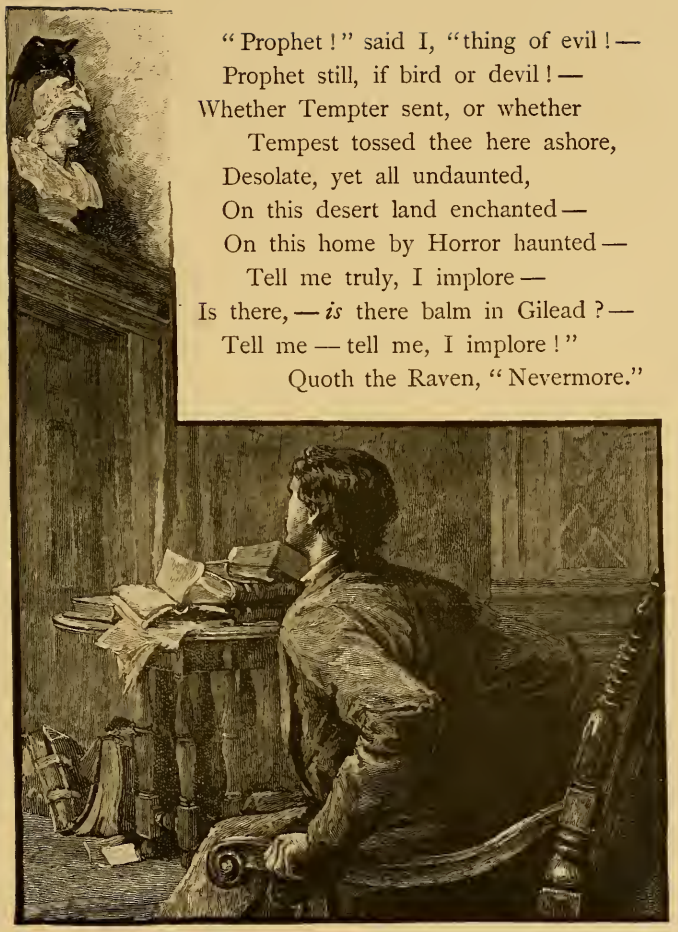
This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!



Then methought the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and Nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

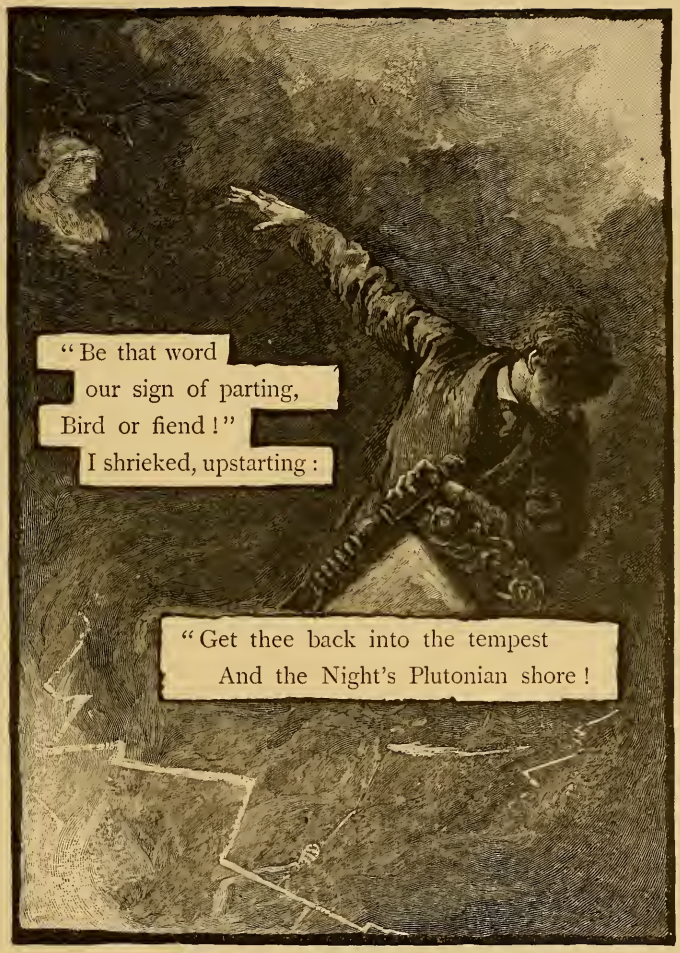
ANDREW.



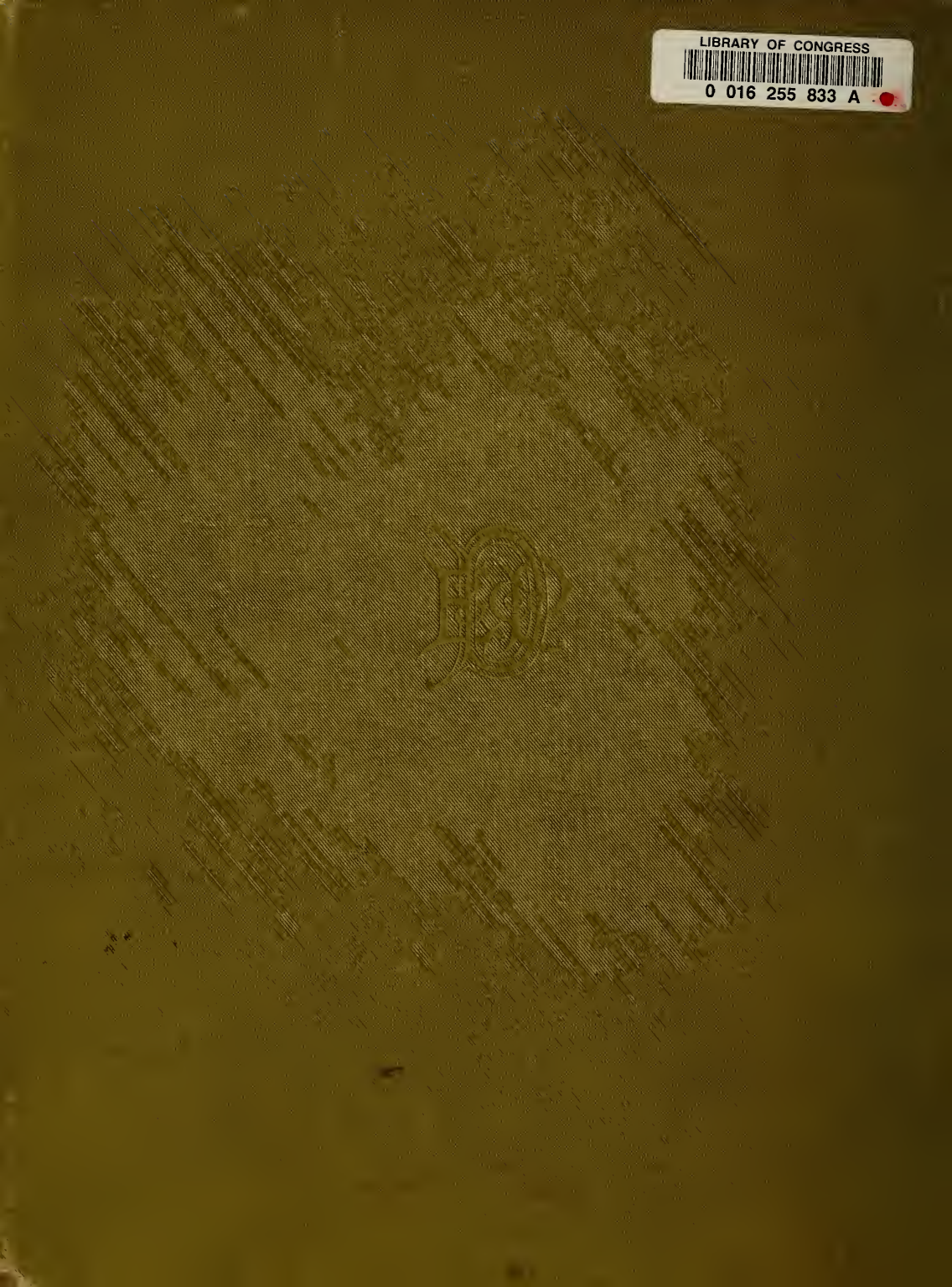
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there,—*is* there balm in Gilead?—
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."


"Be that word
our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! —
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 255 833 A